

NO

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COPY 1973

M. WATSON.

A decorative title banner for "M. WATSON." The banner is ornate, featuring a central floral wreath at the bottom, flanked by two scrollwork supports. Above these, there are two horizontal bands with floral motifs. The entire banner is set against a background of a repeating diamond or mesh pattern.

CLORIS.	(Vocal Gavotte)	.40
LITTLE BIRDIE MINE.		.30
THE SONG FOR ME.		.35
THE KNIGHT AND THE WOOD-NYMPH.	(Duet)	.65
KING'S CHAMPION.		.30
AS SWEET LITTLE MARY WENT HAYMAKING.		.30
THY SENTINAL AM I.		.40

ONEONTA, N. Y.

Published by HENRY SHEPHERD,

Dealer in Pianos, Organs, Sheet Music, &c.

BEAUTIFUL SONGS

BY THE EMINENT COMPOSER,

John T. Rutledge.

THIS Author's compositions are among the most Popular Songs published in this country. Each one of this list is printed with a beautiful title in two colors. Buy one and you will be sure to want all the others.

WELL NEVER GROW TOO OLD TO LOVE.

We'll never grow too old to love,
Dear heart, as time goes by;
Let come what will, the test to prove,
Our love is still the same.
In summer when the flowers are fair,
In winter dear and cold
The same affection will be there;
We'll never grow too old,
 —
We'll never grow too old to love,
Dear heart, as time goes by;
Let come what will the test to prove,
We'll never grow too old.

HAVE YOU FORSAKEN ME, DARLING.

Have you forsaken me darling,
And made us wander apart,
Has some one taken them darling,
Leaving me lonely and apart,
Has all these flowers however,
Has time no joy left for me;
Will you not love me—no, never,
Fondly as I have loved thee.

ONLY A DREAM OF MY MOTHER.

Only a dream of my mother,
Vision of deepest delight,
Cheering my heart as no other,
There she lies in her weary sleep,
Lies with me in the gloom,
Till I shall see her again;
Waking would bring me but sadness,
Linger and keep me from pain.

Only a dream of my mother,
Vision of deepest delight,
Cheering my heart as no other,
There all the long weary night.

GLAD TIDINGS FROM LOVED ONES AT HOME.

I was lonely last night in my dreams,
In my chamber so dark and so drear.
For it seemed that the darkness came streaming
Around me with nothing to cheer.
I dreamt of the ones nearest and dearest
To me as a stranger I roamed,
But the morn brings the letter I cherished,
With tidings from loved ones at home.
 —
Glad tidings from loved ones at home,
To me as a stranger I roamed,
The loving ones bid me to come,
'Tis tidings, glad tidings from home.

KEEP YOUR LITTLE HEART FOR ME.

I was dreaming of you, darling,
All the long and lonely night,
And I saw your face so lovely,
And I heard your smile so bright,
And I'm coming back to meet you,
Coming back to home and thine,
Are you waiting here to greet me?
Keep your little heart for me.
 —
All my lonely dreams are over,
And my heart is light and free,
I will come, no more to leave you,
Keep your little heart for me.

HOW CAN I HELP THINKING OF YOU.

How can I help thinking of you, little May,
I see your sweet face in my dreams,
I think of you, darling, by night and by day,
You don't know how bright my life seems,
The sun is in the sky, the birds are singing,
The world is the world brighter to me,
You've taken my heart, love, and now I have none,
And that's why I'm thinking of thee.

How can I help thinking of you, little one,
No promise that you will be true,
You've taken my heart, love, and now I have none,
How can I help thinking of thee.

ARE THE DAYS OF JOY GONE FOREVER.

Are the days of joy gone forever,
Was the dream too beautiful to last,
When the rain comes down so heavy,
In the mystic future deep and vast,
Most the hopes all fade and sadly perish,
Most my sight so turned to bitter tears,
Like a dream the world seems to me,
Most we roam apart thro' all the years?

 —
Are the days of joy gone forever,
Is the dream too beautiful to last,
Can we not recall the dream, ah never,
Call it back from out the joyous past.

UNDER THE ROSES.

Under the roses I hid my heart,
Deep in the grave where she's sleeping,
There did my joy and my love depart,
Leaving me here to grieve and weep,
Day after day do I dream of her,
Over the grave where she reposes,
After the sleep comes a bitter tear,
Falling to kiss the sweet roses.

Under the roses I hid my heart,
Deep in the grave where she's sleeping,
There did my joy and my love depart,
Leaving me lonely and weeping.

SOME ONE WILL MISS ME WHEN I AM AWAY.

How pleasant it is to have some one to love us,
To have some one to care for us, to be near us,
It makes the world brighter, like heaven above us,
It makes our hearts lighter, in pleasure or woe,
I'm going away, from the heart that I cherished,
To wander far, to seek a new home, a new way,
The loss I shall then feel, all love will sorrow,
For some one will miss me while I am away.

 —
Some one will miss me as truly I wander—
Yes some one will miss me each lonely day,
Kind, happy hearts in their anguish may ponder,
For "some one" will miss me while I am away.

I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU AT THE GATE.

I'll be waiting for you at the gate, love,
When the sun sinks to rest in the sea,
When the twilight around whispers late, love,
Will you hazard, my darling, for me,
I'll be waiting for you at the gate, love,
And my heart beats with sweetest delight,
And I long for your eyes' softest glance,
To make the world happy and bright.

I'll be waiting for you at the gate, love,
When the sun sinks to rest in the sea,
When the twilight around whispers late, love,
I'll be watching and waiting for thee.

THE LOVE AND LIGHT OF HOME.

How oft the wands' heart turns back,
To those he left behind,
Tis then he knows and feels the lack,
Of mother's love so kind;
Tis then he sees his home with sighs,
Wherever he may rove,
For then it is, he learns to prize
The love and light of home.

How dear that home is to him then,
How dear is all he left;
He drops a tear for those so dear,
Of whom he is bereft.

HER PRETTY FACE IS PICTURED IN MY HEART.

Like a summer cloud, she trips across the meadow,
And the sunlight follows her, like a friend,
While the sunshine chases her merry little shadow,
Because she is so innocent and sweet;
The blinding round the pathway where she's straying,
And the bright sunbeams follow her, like a friend,
Like an angel sweet from heaven here delaying,
Her pretty face is pictured in my heart.

 —
She is sweeter than the rose, ayed little daisies,
And she is a little queen of grace and art,
Bringing sunlight to my life in golden mazes,
Her pretty face is pictured in my heart.

FORGIVE ME LOVE AND SMILE AGAIN.

My heart was dead, the spell was broken,
The sad good bye was said by thee,
Friendship was in anger spoke,
Leave me, the world is dark to me,
But now that years have come and gone,
Why should we linger still in pain,
Bright wisdom, let it wake the morrow,
Forgive me love and smile again.

 —
Recall the words in anger spoke,
We'll not say the broken heart is broken,
We'll not say the broken heart is broke,
Forgive me love and smile again.

I KISSED YOU IN A DREAM.

I kissed you in a dream, last night,
I saw your face in my dream, last night,
My lonely heart once more grew light
With something sweet to say;
I told again the same old,
To make the world happy and pain;
And see the story was half told,
You kissed me back again.

 —
I kissed you in a dream, last night,
Now the dream is past;
When will it come again so bright,
In beauty that will last.

WHEN ROSES BLOOM OVER ME, DARLING.

When the roses bloom over me, darling,
By the streamlet that flows in the dell,
Where we've heard the sweet song of the starling,
Twas the music we used to love so well,
When the roses bloom over me, darling,
Above me when I've gone to sleep I
Will you come where the ones loved repose,
And o'er my lone grave will you weep?

 —
When the roses bloom over me, darling,
When I'm laid in my grave by the stream,
Will you come to the call of the starling,
Will I be in your memory's dream.

HAY-MAKING.

"As Sweet Little Mary."

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED

BY MICHAEL WATSON.

PIANO.

Allegretto.

Moderato.

1. As sweet lit - tie Ma - ry was tripping one morning A . cross the fair meadows, hard
2. So off to the hay-fields they mer - ri - ly start - ed, Young Har - ry so joyous, and
3. And 'ere the green wheat which theo waved in the bree - zes Was ripe for the sickle, and

archly.

by the old farm, She paused at a stile, and tho' strange is my sto - ry, Young Harry was there, and pray she - nothing loth, But somehow the hay-making sped on but slow - ly, Al - tho' the sun shone as re - gold - en in hue, Young Har - ry had stol - en the old farmer's daughter, And won lit - tie Ma - ry so

colla parte.

rall. a tempo.

4

where was the harm? He bade her "good-morrow;" she smil-ing respond-ed, And told him that "hay-making" proof to them both. It seem-ed as tho' something en-gaged their at-ten-tion, Of far more importance than lov-ing and true. And down in a valley there stood a neat cottage Sur-round-ed by woodbine, and

she was then bound; He vow'd he'd go too, and were she bat beside him, He'd like to go hay-making toss-ing the hay; He earn-est and pleading, She blushing so sweetly, What could it all mean? pray can ros-es, and May, And there, with contentment and joy for her daw-er, The old farmer's daughter lived

cres. coll' voce.

Allegretto.

all the year round. Sing hey! ho! non-ny, non-ny, no! Young maid-en-s love the
an-y one say? hap-py for aye.

1st & 2nd Verses. poco rall. ad lib.

hay-time, Sing hey! ho! non-ny, non-ny, no! How pleas-ant is the May-time!

poco rall. coll' voce.

Hay-Making.

a tempo.

Last Verse.

hay - time, Sing hey! ho! nonny, nonny, no! How pleasant is the May - time, Sing
cres. *ril.* *cres.* *f*

hey! ho! nonny, nonny, no! Young maidens love the hay - time, Sing hey - ho!

a tempo.

poco ril. *ad lib.* *colla voce.* *f* *a tempo.*

nonny, nonny, no! How pleasant is the May - time!

Hay-Making.